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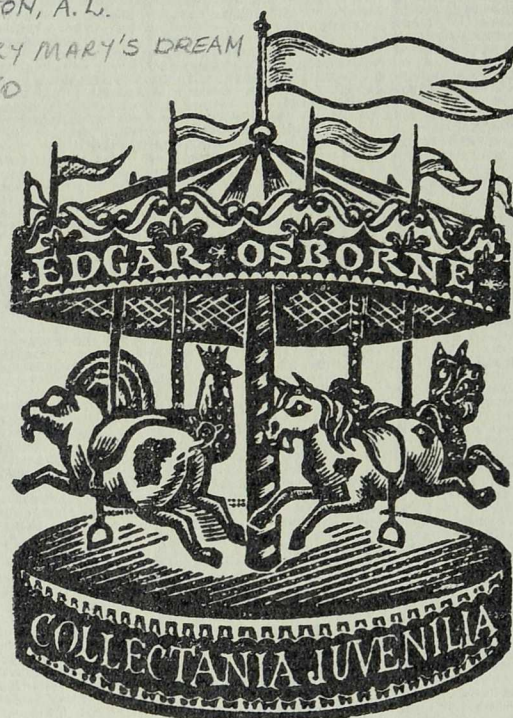
DREAM





(P)  
LYDON, A. L.

FAIRY MARY'S DREAM  
1870



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That night, when slumber  
closed her eyes



















FAIRY MARY'S

DREAM.

BY

A. F. L.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

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1870.









## Fairy Mary's Dream.

OH! would I were a butterfly,  
Young Fairy Mary said;  
That I might soar beneath the sky,  
Where'er my fancy led.

Through gardens of the rich and great  
I fearless then might stray,  
Where princes robed in courtly state  
In wonder oft would stay,



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

To envy me my graceful mien,  
And dress of rainbow hue,  
So dazzling in the sunny sheen,  
As gaily round I flew.

For like the beauteous evening sky  
My wings should painted be,  
With tints of every hue and dye  
In perfect harmony.

From work and school, and tiresome book,  
I long to fly away,  
O'er hill and dale, and lake and brook,  
Green wood and meadow gay.

Thus all day long I'd sport and roam  
Where'er my fancy led;  
The sky's broad canopy my home,  
A lily's cup my bed.





That night, when slumber closed her eyes,  
In fancy she was queen  
Of all the lovely butterflies,  
The fairest ever seen.

She hover'd o'er a streamlet clear,  
And there with pride survey'd  
Her mirror'd image bright appear,  
In every tint array'd.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

And long she loiter'd there to see  
Each varied hue and grace,  
A willing slave to vanity,  
Which bound her to the place.

Now all along that crystal stream  
A vicious dragon-fly  
On swiftest wings did brightly gleam,  
Like meteor through the sky.

And every insect, filled with fear,  
Flew trembling from his sight,  
As timid birds soon disappear  
When goshawk takes his flight.

And when he saw Miss Butterfly  
So calmly soaring there,  
Dread anger brighten'd in his eye,  
And swift he cleft the air.









Come, quit this place,  
vain loiterer.











FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

And rudely thus accosted her,  
In accents shrill and fierce:  
"Come, quit this place, vain loiterer,  
Or quickly I will pierce

Those gaudy painted tinsel wings  
Of yours, you idle fly,  
Such vulgar, vain, and clumsy things  
Were made but to destroy.

Then quick begone, Miss Vanity,  
Nor longer trespass here,  
Or soon the rolling stream will be  
Your winding-sheet and bier."

Surprised at what she heard, and vex'd,  
Yet trembling neath his eye,  
Miss Butterfly was so perplexed  
She knew not where to fly.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Nor cared she, if by any chance  
She only could elude  
This fearful foe, whose fiery glance  
With malice seem'd imbued.

In vain she winged her swiftest flight;  
The dragon-fly with ease  
Still darted round like ray of light,  
Her terror to increase.

For wildly leering in her face,  
He dreadful stories told,  
Of foolish flies who sought that place  
Their image to behold,

And found within its deadly tide  
An unexpected fate;  
Where, shark-like, noiseless fishes glide,  
And for such prey await.











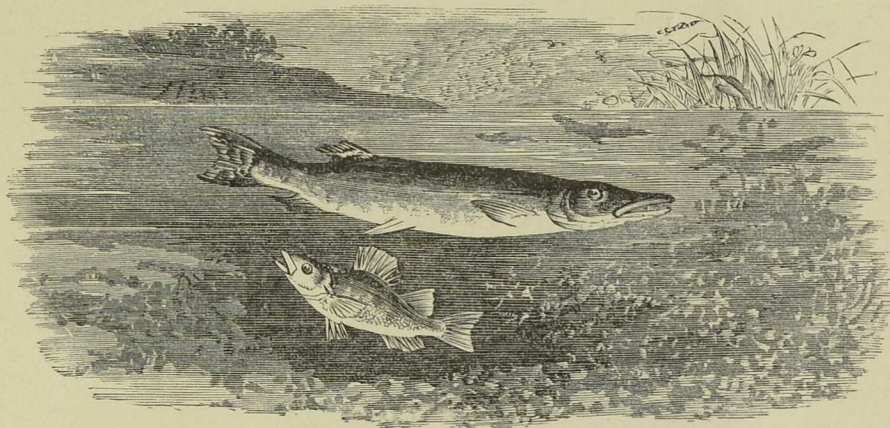


Till on a green fern's  
nodding crest









“And such, vain silly fly,” said he,  
“Will be your fate of pain,  
If e’er across this stream I see  
Your idle form again.”

Then swift as light he sped away,  
And soon was lost to view;  
Whilst onward in her wild dismay,  
Miss Butterfly still flew.

Nor thought had she to stay her flight,  
Nor respite knew from fear,  
Till distance banished from her sight  
That tempting streamlet clear.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Then deep within a shady wood,  
Where twilight reigns all day,  
With slower flight, in calmer mood,  
She took her noiseless way.

Till on a green fern's nodding crest  
She slowly settled down,  
And tried to calm her troubled breast,  
And all her fears to drown.

The quiet of that lonely place  
Lull'd every sense of pain;  
And in a short and fleeting space  
She felt quite calm again.

And then she made a vow sincere  
She never more would stray  
By glassy stream, or lake, or mere,  
Henceforward from that day.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

When thus to sleep, within her breast,  
Each fluttering fear was laid,  
King Vanity, a welcome guest,  
Once more his sceptre sway'd.

Then fondly, proudly, glancing o'er  
Her wings, with look so vain,  
She spread them out aloft to soar  
From out that wood again.

She thought to seek a scene more bright,  
Where golden sunbeams play'd,  
And there, more dazzling in the light,  
To see each charm display'd;

But blinded by her vain desire,  
Incautiously she flew,  
And once again misfortune dire  
Its mantle round her drew.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

For caught within a spider's snare,  
A web of subtle strings,  
She hung suspended in the air,  
A captive by her wings.

And all her strength seem'd vain to break  
The meshes of that net,  
Whilst every effort did but make  
Her case more hopeless yet.

Till weary from exertion grown  
She lay in sorry plight,  
For hope away again had flown,  
And turned her day to night.

But when the spider from his lair  
Crept forth to seize his prize,  
Convulsed by fear and dread despair,  
She strove again to rise.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

She saw the cruel venom swell  
    Within his hungry fangs,  
And felt his eyes upon her dwell  
    With pleasure in her pangs.

And so her strength, by fear recall'd,  
    Restored her prostrate frame,  
Till back the spider shrank appall'd,  
    And sought his lair again.

She wildly strove, yet strove in vain,  
    To tear herself away,  
Those subtle threads withstood each strain,  
    And filled her with dismay.

And there, perchance, she would have laid,  
    The spider's prize to be,  
If fortune had not lent its aid  
    Her helpless form to free.





A humble-bee, of burly size,  
Was loudly buzzing by,  
Who saw with quick and willing eyes  
This poor misguided fly;

And being once himself beset,  
And chafed and sorely tried  
Within a strong unyielding net,  
That all his strength defied,

He vow'd, when he at length was free,  
To lend his willing aid  
To such as chanced, like him, to be  
So helplessly waylaid.









Then straight he flew like  
valiant knight











FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Then straight he flew like valiant knight,  
Right at the spider's snare,  
Which soon in shreds flew left and right,  
Upon the buoyant air.

And from its toils Miss Butterfly  
Was thus again set free;  
Nor failed to thank, with grateful joy,  
The brave and gallant bee.

Once more upon the green fern's crest,  
Exhausted there she stood;  
Pride humbled in her weary breast,  
And in a serious mood.

She thought if thus at every turn  
Such dangers cross'd her way,  
How much of grief she had to learn,  
How much of wild dismay.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

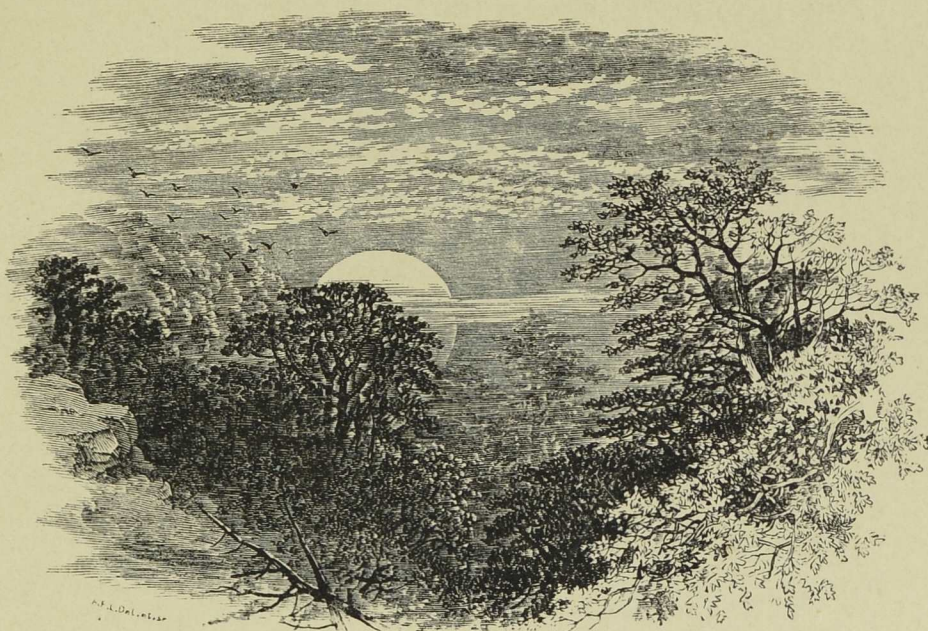
And almost wished she were again  
A little mortal child,  
With friends to soothe her slightest pain,  
By loving words so mild.

But as she felt her strength return,  
Pride drove these thoughts away;  
Alas! she yet had much to learn,  
Ere reason held its sway.

She thought if once outside that place,  
So full of artful snares,  
She'd dwell in gardens decked with grace,  
And end her anxious cares.

Once more she rose upon the air,  
More cautious in her flight,  
And, mounting upwards, pass'd each snare,  
And gladly hail'd the light.





The big red sun was setting low,  
In misty robes of grey;  
The evening sky was all aglow  
With colours bright and gay.

The rooks were flying round the wood,  
Ere settling down to rest;  
And owls and bats, night's darker brood,  
Were leaving each their nest.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Sly reynard, too, was stealing out,  
On deeds of mischief bent;  
And wide-mouthed wheel-bird flew about,  
With similar intent;

For when he saw Miss Butterfly  
Soar from her hiding-place,  
He uttered loud his jarring cry,  
And quickly then gave chase.

And then she felt a thrill of pain  
So chilling through her blood,  
That back she quickly sought again  
The shelter of the wood.

Whilst wheel-bird in his hasty flight,  
With long and wiry beard  
Just grazed her wings as from his sight  
She quickly disappear'd.













Whist wheel-bird in his  
hasty flight,







FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Around he flew, and jarring cried,  
And blam'd his luckless aim;  
Then vow'd the next fly he espied  
Should be more certain game.

From branch to branch Miss Butterfly  
Went feebly fluttering round,  
Until with anxious searching eye  
A hiding-place she found.



Within a bird's forsaken nest  
She gladly did alight,  
And there securely thought to rest  
All through the lonely night.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

All through the long dark night she lay  
    Within this hiding-place,  
Nor left it till the light of day  
    Shone brightly in her face.

Then cautiously she ventured out  
    Upon a trembling leaf,  
And, looking fearfully about,  
    She felt no slight relief

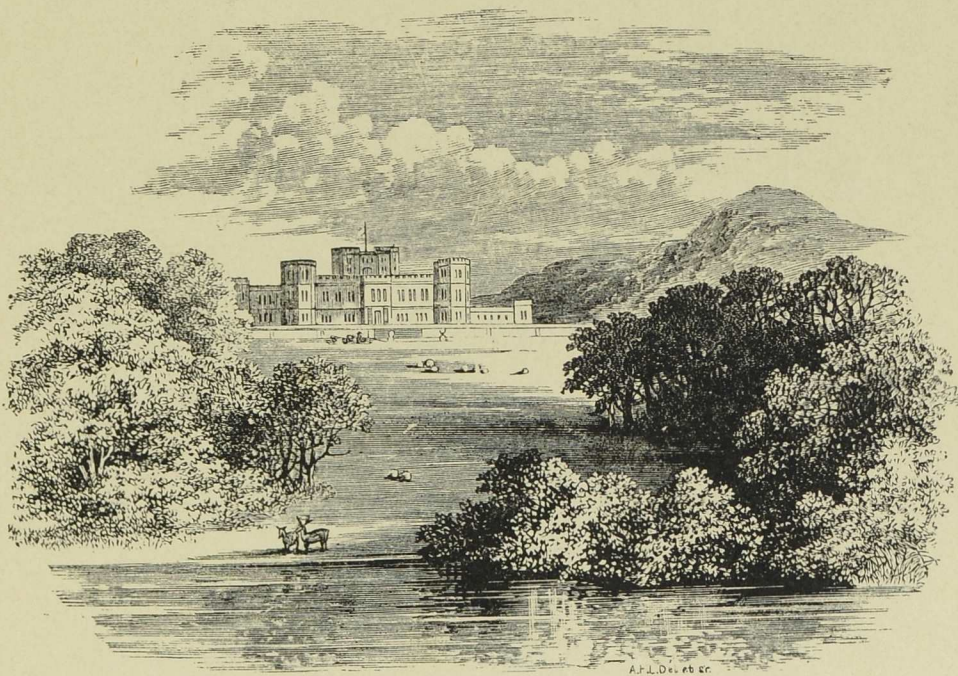
To see her way from danger free,  
    No snare or foe was nigh;  
Then up again she soared with glee,  
    Beneath the bright blue sky.

From woodland shade then straight away  
    She winged her speedy flight  
O'er barren heath and meadows gay,  
    Nor stay'd once to alight



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Until a mansion met her gaze  
Upon the distant height,  
Whose gardens gay were all ablaze  
With lovely flowerets bright.



From bed to bed she flew around,  
More pleased at every turn,  
To think at last she there had found  
A peaceful happy bourne.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

She thought this maze of gorgeous flowers  
A paradise must be,  
Of sunny joys and golden hours,  
Untinged by misery.

So on a lily's chalice then  
She calmly did alight,  
Well pleased to think the haunts of men  
Should yield such pure delight.

There princes grand, and nobles gay,  
Upon her charms would gaze,  
Admiring all their rich array  
With envy and amaze.

While thus she mused two children drew  
In gambols near the place,  
And when she burst upon their view  
Bright joy lit up each face.













Bright joy lit up each face.







FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Then lost in wonder and surprise,  
They stood afraid to move;  
And thought of all the butterflies  
In garden, field, or grove,

This was the fairest they had seen,  
Most perfect in each grace;  
In fact, she must be peerless queen  
Of all her lovely race.

A moment thus they musing stood,  
And gazed with wondering eyes;  
Then thought the boy, in envious mood,  
'T would be a glorious prize.

If placed within my cabinet  
Its radiant form would shine  
The brightest gem in all the set,  
The peer of a peerless line.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Beside the Purple Emperor  
Should be her fitting place;  
And Peacock proud should yield to her,  
And seek a lower case.

Whilst big and little Tortoiseshell,  
And Admirals red and white,  
And belle as well from Camberwell,  
Should fade before her sight.

Thus thinking, then he raised on high  
His broad-brimm'd hollow hat,  
Until 't was fair above Miss Fly,  
Who still unconscious sat,

Then down he drew it with a shock  
That sent her tumbling o'er,  
Just like a fluttering shuttlecock  
Hit from a battledoor.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

From leaf to leaf she quivering fell,  
And scarce had reached the ground,  
Ere, like a captive in a cell,  
In darkness she was found,

Between the boy's close-fitting hands,  
Which shut out every chance;  
Far worse, she thought, than spider's bands,  
Or dragon's fiery glance.

She felt herself borne on and on,  
So swiftly through the air;  
And, thinking every hope was gone,  
She trembled in despair.

But as we wake with sudden start  
From out a troublous dream,  
And gladly see its gloom depart  
'Fore reason's sunny beam,—





So, once again, Miss Butterfly  
With joy was pleased to see  
The sunny beams of freedom's sky  
Break her captivity.

The boy in eager haste had run,  
With laughing gleeful eyes,  
To show papa and every one  
His splendid new-made prize.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

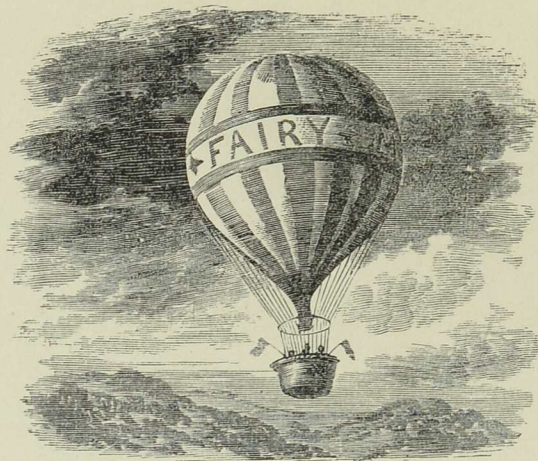
When, just as he had reached the door,  
His pet Italian hound  
Came bounding out, and toss'd him o'er,  
Upon the gravelly ground.

His hands flew open as he fell,  
And, favoured by this chance,  
Miss Butterfly broke from her cell,  
And, with an anxious glance,

She quickly rose on buoyant wing,  
And mounted far on high,  
The helpless prey of everything,  
Oh! whither must she fly?

She blindly flew she knew not where,  
And scarcely look'd to see;  
Her only hope, her only care,  
That she might still be free.





Just then she saw a great balloon  
Come floating through the air,  
And this she thought might bear her soon  
Away from every care.

Away from every cause of fear,  
From dragon, bird, and boy;  
Away to some more peaceful sphere  
Of happiness and joy.

She thought perchance 't would journey on  
To sun, or moon, or star;  
So gladly took her place upon  
The outside of the car.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Then look'd below to bid adieu  
To every well-known scene;  
For all now lay beneath her view,  
Each place where she had been.

The distant stream seem'd to her eye  
But like a silver string,  
The mansion like a tiny toy,  
The wood like bed of ling.

The mountains seem'd but like the hills  
Where busy emmets dwell;  
The rivers were but like the rills  
That run through fairy dell.

She watched them slowly one by one  
Grow less, then fade away;  
Till like a ball, or monster sun,  
The earth beneath her lay.



FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

And then it vanished, oh! so soon,  
As if beneath a shroud,  
For suddenly the big balloon  
Was buried in a cloud.

The cloud was dense, and wet, and cold:  
She wished herself below.  
Then, senseless growing, lost her hold,  
And fell like flake of snow.

She downward fell, and could not tell  
How far she had to fall;  
Like helpless lamb that seeks its dam,  
So she for help did call.

And like that fly in agony,  
The maiden, with a scream,  
Sat up in bed, and wondering said,  
Oh! was it all a dream?













Oh! was it all a dream.







FAIRY MARY'S DREAM.

Oh! yes, it was a dream, dear maid,  
A passing spirit sweetly said;  
But may it teach you that your state,  
Though humble, may be very great,  
And if you read the dream's intent,  
You 'll cheerful strive and live content.





















